was still overweight. He still had style. The bandage stood out against his throat. He asked about Frederick (not Fred) and Karl. They were fine. They missed him and wondered how he was doing. He said that was nice. He knew it wasn't true.

He said he missed Adam. I believed him. I remember how he talked about him in the office. After discussing his own illness, he'd discuss Adam's. I didn't know he had one. He used terms that Samantha liked to apply to herself, that seemed more appropriate applied to Adam. Adam was so sensitive, so fragile. Fragile was Samantha's word. It still sounded counterfeit.

We should have let him return. Wherever he was he'd smoke too much, eat too much, and not exercise at all. Caspar said he didn't give a fuck. We were afraid of having to handle his dressings. We were afraid he'd die on our hands.

I saw Mack sitting on the railing in front of the House. He'd ventured out of the Care Home and up the street to see Adam. It would have taken considerable effort, even if he'd been in shape. He'd never been in shape. He was crying. Samantha passed him on her way into the House. I heard her sigh, "Come on, Adam."

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